And thus my battell ſhall be ordered.
My foreward ſhall be drawne in length,
Conſiſting equally of horſe and foote,
Our Archers ſhall be placed in the midſt,
*I*ohn Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of the foote and horſe,
They thus directed, we will follow
In the maine battell, whoſe puiſſance on either ſide
Shall be well winged with our chiefeſt horſe:
This, and Saint George to boote, what thinkeſt thou Nor.
Nor. A good direction warlike ſoueraigne, *He ſheweth him a paper.*
This found I on my tent this morning.
Iockey of Norffolke be not ſo bold,
For Dickon thy maiſter is bought and ſold.
King. A thing deuiſed by the enemie,
Goe Gentelemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our ſoules,
Conſcience is a word that cowards vſe,
Deuiſde at firſt to keepe the ſtrong in awe,
Our ſtrong armes be our conſcience, ſwords our lawe
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell. *His Oration to his Armie.*
What ſhall I ſay more then I haue inferd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A ſort of vagabonds, raſcols and runawaies,
A ſcum of Brittains, and baſe lackey peſants,
Whom their orecloyed country vomits forth
To deſperate aduentures & aſſur'd deſtruction,
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to vnreſt:
You hauing lands, & bleſt with beauteous wiues,
They would reſtraine the one, diſtaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers coſt,
A milkeſopt, one that neuer in his life
Felt ſo much cold as ouer ſhooes in ſnow:
Lets whip theſe ſtraglers ore the ſeas againe,
Laſh hence theſe ouerweening rags of France,
Theſe famiſht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exployt,
For want of means poore rats had hangd themſelues

If we be conquered, let n
And not theſe baſtard B
Haue in their owne lanc
And on record left then
Shall theſe enioy our la
Rauiſh our daughters, h
Right Gentlemen of E
Draw Archers draw, you
Spur your proud horſes
Amaze the welkin with
*W*hat ſaies Lord Stanle
Meſ. My Lord, he d
King. Off with his ſo
Nor. My Lord, the e
After the battaile, let G
King. A thouſand h
Aduance our ſtandards
Our auncient word of
Inſpire vs with the ſple
Vpon them, victorie ſit
Alarum, exe
Cat. Reſcew my Lo
The King enacts more
Daring an oppoſite to
His horſe is ſlaine, and a
Seeking for Richmon
Reſcew faire Lord, or e
Kin. A horſe, a horſ
Cat. Withdraw my
Kin. Slaue I haue ſe
And I will ſtand the ha
I thinke there be ſixe
Fiue haue I ſlaine to da
A horſe, a horſe, my kin
Alarum, Enter Richard
then retrait being ſou
crowne, with other Lo
Ri. God and your a
The day is ours, the bl
Dar. Couragious

Line 6 this ſoote. 10 to bootes.
18 is but a word
Line 2 drawen out all in— 21 to it 29 to you—

Line 4 and
20 our hel